

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

ILLUSTRATED BY
GILBERT JAMES



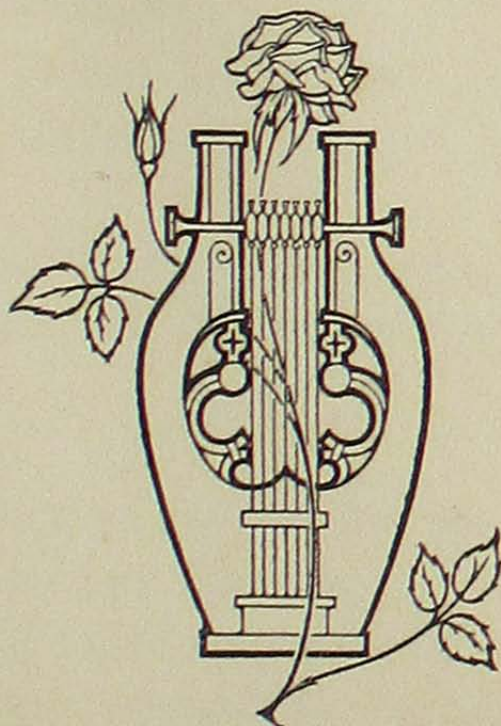
CHRISTMAS
CAROLS



In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted.

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CHRISTMAS CAROLS

A VIRGIN UNSPOTTED

A VIRGIN unspotted, the prophet foretold,
Should bring forth a Saviour, which now
we behold,

To be our Redeemer from death, hell, and sin,
Which Adam's transgression had wrapped
us in.

Aye and therefore be merry, set sorrow aside,
Christ Jesus our Saviour was born on this
tide.

At Bethlehem city in Jewry it was
That Joseph and Mary together did pass,
All for to be taxèd with many one moe,
Great Cæsar commanded the same should
be so.

Aye and therefore, etc.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

But when they had entered the city so
fair,

A number of people so mighty was there,
That Joseph and Mary, whose substance was
small,

Could find in the inn there no lodging at all.

Aye and therefore, etc.

Then were they constrained in a stable to
lie,

Where horses and asses they used for to
tie:

Their lodgings so simple they took it no
scorn,

But against the next morning our Saviour
was born.

Aye and therefore, etc.

The King of all kings to this world being
brought,

Small store of fine linen to wrap Him was
sought,



A Virgin unspotted, the prophet foretold,
Should bring forth a Saviour, whom now we behold.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

But when she had swaddled her young Son
so sweet,
Within an ox-manger she laid Him to
sleep.

Aye and therefore, etc.

Then God sent an angel from heaven so
high,
To certain poor shepherds in fields where they
lie,
And bade them no longer in sorrow to
stay,
Because that our Saviour was born on this
day.

Aye and therefore, etc.

Then presently after the shepherds did spy
Vast numbers of angels to stand in the
sky;
They joyfully talkèd and sweetly did sing,
To God be all glory, our heavenly King.

Aye and therefore, etc.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

To teach us humility all this was done,
And learn we from thence haughty pride for
to shun :

A manger His cradle who came from
above,

The great God of mercy, of peace, and of
love.

Aye and therefore, etc.

THE SON OF GOD IS BORN

THE Son of God is born for all
At Bethlem in a cattle-stall
He lieth in a crib full small,
And wrapt in swaddling-clothes withal.

Rejoice to-day for Jesu's sake,
Within your hearts His cradle make :
A shrine, wherein the Babe may take
His rest, in slumber or awake.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

Beneath Him set His crib, of tree ;
Let Hope the little mattress be,
His pillow Faith, full fair to see,
With coverlet of Charity.

In bodies pure and undefil'd
Prepare a chamber for the Child :
To Him give incense, myrrh and gold,
Nor raiment, meat and drink withhold.

Draw nigh, the Son of God to kiss,
Greet Mary's Child (the Lord He is)
Upon those lovely lips of His :
Jesus, your hearts' desire and bliss.

Come, rock His cradle cheerily,
As doth His mother, so do ye,
Who nurs'd Him sweetly on her knee,
As told it was by prophecy.

By, by, lullaby before Him sing ;
Go, wind the horn, and pluck the string,
'Till all the place with music ring ;
And bid one prayer to Christ the King.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

Thus, Babe, I minister to Thee,
E'en as Thine Angels wait on me :
Thy ruddy countenance I see,
And tiny hands outstretch'd to me.

Sleep, in my soul enshrined rest :
Here find Thy cradle neatly drest :
Forsake me not, when sore distress,
Emmanuel, my Brother blest.

Now chant we merrily *io*
With such as play *in organo* ;
And with the singers *in choro*
Benedicamus Domino.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

LET US ROCK THE CRADLE

COME, rock the cradle for Him,
Come, in the crib adore Him,
Dull care, I pray you, bury,
And in the Lord make merry.
Sweet little Jesu, sweet little Jesu.

Come, rock His cradle lowly,
The throne of God all-holy :
Come worship and adore Him,
And kneel we down before Him.
Sweet little Jesu, sweet little Jesu.

Nor come with empty coffer,
But thanks and blessing offer ;
Let old and young be merry,
And blithe as bird on berry.
Sweet little Jesu, sweet little Jesu.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

And sing, for music-number
Will lull the Babe to slumber :
Your strain be sweet and airy,
Like that of blessèd Mary.

Sweet little Jesu, sweet little Jesu.

Do nothing to annoy Him,
But everything to joy Him ;
For sin, by night or morrow,
Would cause Him pain and sorrow.

Sweet little Jesu, sweet little Jesu.

So at your hour of dying,
This Babe, in cradle lying,
(For He is King supernal)
Shall grant you rest eternal.

Sweet little Jesu, sweet little Jesu.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

GOD REST YOU MERRY, GENTLEMEN

GOD rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas Day;
To save us all from Satan's pow'r
When we were gone astray;
O tidings of comfort and joy.

In Bethlehem, in Jewry,
This blessed Babe was born,
And laid within a manger,
Upon this blessed morn;
The which His mother, Mary,
Did nothing take in scorn.
O tidings, etc.

From God our heavenly Father
A blessed angel came;

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same :
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name.
O tidings, etc.

Fear not, then said the angel,
Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour
Of a pure Virgin bright,
To free all those who trust in Him
From Satan's power and might.
O tidings, etc.

The shepherds at those tidings,
Rejoicèd much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding
In tempest, storm, and wind :
And went to Bethlehem straightway,
The Son of God to find.
O tidings, etc.



'Fear not,' then said the angel;
'Let nothing you affright.'

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

And when they came to Bethlehem,
Where our dear Saviour lay,
They found Him in a manger,
Where oxen feed on hay ;
His mother Mary kneeling down,
Unto the Lord did pray.
O tidings, etc.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace ;
This holy tide of Christmas
All other doth deface.
O tidings, etc.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

A CAROL FOR CHRISTMAS EVE

LISTEN, Lordings, unto me, a tale I will
you tell ;

Which, as on this night of glee in David's
town befell.

Joseph came from Nazareth, with Mary, that
sweet maid :

Weary were they, nigh to death ; and for a
lodging pray'd.

Sing high, sing low, sing to and
fro,

Go tell it out with speed,

Cry out and shout all round about,

That Christ is born indeed.

In the inn they found no room ; a scanty bed
they made :

Soon a Babe from Heaven high was in the
manger laid.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

Forth He came maid Mary's son: He came
to save us all.

In the stable ox and ass before their Maker
fall.

Sing high, sing low, etc.

Shepherds lay afield that night, to keep the
silly sheep,

Hosts of Angels in their sight came down
from heaven's high steep.

Tidings! Tidings! unto you: to you a Child
is born,

Purer than the drops of dew, and brighter
than the morn.

Sing high, sing low, etc.

Onward then the Angels sped, the shepherds
onward went,

God was in His manger bed, in worship low
they bent.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

In the morning, see ye mind, my masters one
and all,
At the Altar Him to find who lay within the
stall.
Sing high, sing low, etc.

WHEN CHRIST WAS BORN OF MARY FREE

WHEN Christ was born of Mary free,
In Bethlehem, that fair citie,
Angels sang there with mirth and glee,
"In Excelsis Gloria."

Herdsmen beheld these Angels bright,
To them appearing with great light,
Who said God's Son is born to-night,
"In Excelsis Gloria."

The King is come to save mankind,
As in Scripture truths we find,
Therefore this song we have in mind,
"In Excelsis Gloria."

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

Then, dear Lord, for Thy great grace,
Grant us in bliss to see Thy face,
That we may sing to Thy solace,
"In Excelsis Gloria."

THE FIRST NOWELL

THE first Nowell the angel did say,
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields
as they lay ;
In fields where they lay keeping their
sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
Born is the King of Israel.

They lookèd up and saw a Star
Shining in the East, beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.
Nowell, etc.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

And by the light of that same Star,
Three Wisemen came from country far ;
To seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the Star wherever it went.

Nowell, etc.

This Star drew nigh to the north-west,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay,
Right over the place where Jesus lay.

Nowell, etc.

Then entered in those Wisemen three,
Full reverently upon their knee,
And offered there, in His Presence,
Their gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.

Nowell, etc.

Then let us all with one accord,
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord,
That hath made heaven and earth of nought
And with His Blood mankind hath bought.

Nowell, etc.



Then entered in those Wisemen three,
Full reverently upon their knee.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

"IN BETHLEHEM, THAT NOBLE PLACE"

IN Bethlehem, that noble place,
As by the Prophet said it was,
Of the Virgin Mary, filled with grace,
"Salvator mundi natus est."
Be we merry in this Feast,
"In quo Salvator natus est."

On Christmas night an Angel told
The shepherds watching by their fold,
In Bethlehem, full nigh the wold,
"Salvator mundi natus est."
Be we merry, etc.

The shepherds were encompassed right,
About them shone a glorious light,
"Dread ye naught," said the Angel bright,
"Salvator mundi natus est."
Be we merry, etc.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

"No cause have ye to be afraid,
For why? this day is Jesus laid
On Mary's lap, that gentle maid :"

"Salvator mundi natus est."

Be we merry, etc.

"And thus in faith find Him ye shall
Laid poorly in an ox's stall."

The shepherds then lauded God all

"Quia Salvator natus est."

Be we merry, etc.

THE CHERRY TREE CAROL

JOSEPH was an old man,
An old man was he:
He married sweet Mary,
The Queen of Galilee.

As they went a-walking
In the garden so gay,
Maid Mary spied cherries
Hanging over yon tree.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

Mary said to Joseph,
With her sweet lips so mild,
"Pluck those cherries, Joseph,
For to give to my Child."

"O then," replied Joseph,
With words so unkind,
"I will pluck no cherries
For to give to thy Child."

Mary said to cherry tree,
"Bow down to my knee,
That I may pluck cherries,
By one, two, and three."

The uppermost sprig then
Bowed down to her knee,
"Thus you may see, Joseph,
These cherries are for me."

"O eat your cherries, Mary,
O eat your cherries now,
O eat your cherries, Mary,
That grow upon the bough."

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

As Joseph was a-walking
He heard Angels sing,
"This night there shall be born
Our heavenly King."

"He neither shall be born
In house nor in hall,
Nor in the place of paradise,
But in an ox-stall."

"He shall not be clothéd
In purple nor pall ;
But all in fair linen,
As wear babies all."

"He shall not be rockéd
In silver nor gold,
But in a wooden cradle
That rocks on the mould."

"He neither shall be christened
In milk nor in wine,
But in pure spring-well water,
Fresh sprung from Bethine."

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

Mary took her baby,
She dressed Him so sweet,
She laid Him in a manger
All there for to sleep.

As she stood over Him
She heard Angels sing,
"Oh! bless our dear Saviour,
Our heavenly King."

GOOD KING WENCESLAS

Chorus

GOOD King Wenceslas looked out
On the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep, and crisp, and even :
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gath'ring winter fuel.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

Tenor Solo

"Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"

Treble Solo

"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain;
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

Tenor Solo

"Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither;
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither."

Chorus

Page and monarch, forth they went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

Treble Solo

"Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer."

Tenor Solo

"Mark my footsteps, good my page;
Tread thou in them boldly:
Thou shalt find the winter rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

Chorus

In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

THE WASSAIL SONG

HERE we come a-wassailing
Among the leaves so green,
Here we come a-wandering,
So fair to be seen.
Love and joy come to you,
And to you your wassail too,
And God bless you and send you
A happy new year.

Our wassail cup is made
Of the rosemary tree,
And so is your beer
Of the best barley.
Love and joy, etc.

We are not daily beggars
That beg from door to door,
But we are neighbours' children
Whom you have seen before.
Love and joy, etc.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

Good Master and good Mistress,
As you sit by the fire,
Pray think of us poor children
Who are wandering in the mire.
Love and joy, etc.

We have a little purse
Made of ratching¹ leather skin ;
We want some of your small change
To line it well within.
Love and joy, etc.

Call up the Butler of this house,
Put on his golden ring ;
Let him bring us a glass of beer,
And the better we shall sing.
Love and joy, etc.

Bring us out a table,
And spread it with a cloth ;

¹ Leather that will stretch.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

Bring us out a mouldy cheese
And some of your Christmas loaf.
Love and joy, etc.

God bless the Master of this house,
Likewise the Mistress too ;
And all the little children
That round the table go.
Love and joy, etc.

"THE HOLLY AND THE IVY"

THE Holly and the Ivy
Now both are full well grown,
Of all the trees that are in the wood,
The Holly bears the crown.
O the rising of the sun,
The running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the quire.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

The Holly bears a blossom,
As white as lily-flower ;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our sweet Saviour.
O the rising of the sun, etc.

The Holly bears a berry,
As red as any blood ;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To do poor sinners good.
O the rising of the sun, etc.

The Holly bears a prickle,
As sharp as any thorn ;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
On Christmas day in the morn.
O the rising of the sun, etc.

The Holly bears a bark,
As bitter as any gall ;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
For to redeem us all.
O the rising of the sun, etc.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

The Holly and the Ivy

Now both are full well grown,
Of all the trees that are in the wood,
The Holly bears the crown.

O the rising of the sun,
The running of the deer,
The playing of the merry organ,
Sweet singing in the quire.

